Jazz the Succubus Gets a Helluva Spanking
By Yu May and SpiderSans

[Author's note: this fanfiction takes place in the universe of *Hazbin Hotel* and *Helluva' Boss*.]

Welcome to Hell, sinner! You're sure to meet all kinds of interesting people while you're stuck here.

For example, if you watch the footage of *Mammon's Magnificent Musical* (featuring Fizzarolli), pay attention to the teeming crowd of screaming fans cheering him on, and you might notice one succubus standing out from the rest. She's the rosy, red-skinned lass wearing the neon-green jester hat, and not much else. No bra, but at least she has two, matching neon-green dollar sign stickers, covering each of her perfect breasts. You can't miss her.

Thanks to an unfortunate incident with the laser light show at that particular concert, Jazz was temporarily blinded, but she eventually made a full recovery, thanks to the tender, loving care of her girlfriend, Ruby.

Sure, Ruby had spanked Jazz a little harder than usual for being so careless with her eyesight, but it was still a loving spanking.

A few weeks later, after Jazz attended Mammon's latest fan meet-and-greet, the spirited succubus skipped along, her dollar-sign-clad tits bouncing freely. Today, she was wearing grey shorts, along with black leggings and boots, all stamped with Mamon's trademark green logo. Jazz froze as she felt her phone buzz in her back pocket. Sure enough, Ruby was texting, pestering Jazz about when she'd be home.

Jazz rolled her eyes and blew her messy black bangs aside with a puff. "Oh, Ruby, you worry too much!"

But when Jazz remembered her last spanking for being careless about safety check-ins, she decided she'd better text back. "On my way, Rubes. XOXO –Jazz!"

Jazz sighed. Maybe Ruby was right about paying more attention to her surroundings. But, hey, she was only a quick elevator ride away from her home in the Circle of Lust. Everybody liked succubi, and she was a succubus, after all! Throwing on her headphones, Jazz decided she would start being extra-super careful…starting tomorrow!

Banging her head to the beat of her favorite hot jazz, Jazz made her way home, or so she thought. As Jazz closed her eyes and swung her hips to the beat, she accidentally bumped the buttons on the elevator with her behind.

The thing about Hell is, it's always surprisingly easy to get lost. And demons are notoriously unfriendly to strangers. And since the elevator connected all the circles of Hell, that meant Jazz

failed to notice as she got off on the wrong floor, before she merrily strutted her stuff down the Highway to Hell (specifically, to the Cannibal Town subdistrict of Pentagram City).

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Ma'dam Rosie took an elegant sip of tea, her magnificent feathered hat waving as she turned her head to survey the lovely view of Cannibal Town from the foyer of Rosie's Emporium. Even when she sat, she still stood head-and-shoulders over the other residents, and there was something regal in her poise and manner. "It's a pity Alastor couldn't be here. He's such an elegant conversationalist."

Susan harrumphed. She was nearly as old and nearly as well dressed as Rosie, but looked like she was ready to bite someone's head off. She waved her cane at a poster advertising vacant rooms at the Hazbin Hotel. "He's wasting his time at that silly hotel. I'm sick of my tax dollars funding Princess Morningstar's latest bleeding heart pet project. Oooh! I don't care that she's Lucifer's only daughter. I'd like to take her across my knee and spank her 'til she cries!"

Rosie dabbed her mouth with a handkerchief, then smiled softly. "I understand the feeling entirely. Trying to redeem the damned souls of Hell is a completely absurd notion…but I suppose Princess Charlie's heart is in the right place."

"So what? That's precisely the problem. The road to…here…is paved with good intentions! You can make all the cheesy PSA's you want, but she's never going to convince anyone to stop sinning. I wouldn't mind if she was just going after those disgusting sinners in the other Circles, but restricting cannibalism? That's a proper, civilized sort-of-sin!"

Rosie's smile became more fixed. Like all powerful citizens of hell, Rosie and Susan privately hated one another, and both knew that the hatred was mutual. But the ladies of Cannibal Town prided themselves on their civility. "I don't think it's an unreasonable request. All Charlie asked was that we not eat trespassers alive the moment they wander into our territory. That we should, instead: 'Give them a chance to make things right.' She never said we *can't* eat trespassers alive, if they refuse to pay their debt to society."

The gates that surrounded the lovely, walkable streets of Cannibal Town swung open. All the immaculately-dressed demons who resided in Cannibal Town turned to stare, like a flock of vultures sensing fresh meat.

Then a strange succubus shuffled through the gateway, bobbing her head and rolling her hips to a jazzy beat only she could hear, oblivious to all the eyes watching her.

Baring her short, pointy fangs, Susan gripped her walking stick so tightly, her knuckles went white. "Kids these days! They have no respect! I'll eat her alive!"

Rosie shook her head, humming teasingly. “Nah, ah ah!”

Susan’s eyes popped open with dawning comprehension. “Argh! I can’t eat trespassers anymore! Whatever happened to the good, old days?”

A few teenage cannibal girls, all wearing modest Victorian dresses, giggled at the sight of the dancing succubus. “Woah! Look at that girl’s giant fanny! It’s enormous!”

A boy wearing a traditional sailor outfit looked up at his mother. “Why isn’t she wearing any clothes, Mother-dearest?”

The boy’s mother looked up from her book on *Proper Table Etiquette for Cannibals*, and at the sight of the succubus, screamed and covered her boy’s eyes.

A teenage lad’s mouth hung open at the sight of the succubus’ gyrating hips. All his life, he’d dreamed of catching a glimpse of a young woman’s ankles, but the women of Cannibal Town all insisted on wearing frilly skirts the size of tents. “Woah…”

The teenager’s modestly-dressed girlfriend slapped him sharply across the top of his head. “Don’t stare, you coxcomb!”

“Ow! What’d I do?”

“Admit it! You’re thinking about sinking your teeth into that succubus’ plump, juicy flanks, aren’t you? Or maybe you’d like to stuff those delicious, bouncing, dollar-sign-covered d-cup boobies into your mouth, wouldn’t you?”

The young man smacked his lips. It had been weeks since he’d eaten someone alive. “Well, wouldn’t *you?”*

The jilted young woman’s stomach rumbled audibly, before she humphed and stuck her nose in the air. “Of course I would, but not for the same reason!”

Susan slammed her walking stick into the ground as she stood up. “That does it! I’m teaching that succubus a lesson she’ll never forget!”

Rosie crossed her legs, and folded her hands with undisguised amusement. “Do recall, you can’t eat her!”

Susan barked over her shoulder as she stomped toward the trespassing succubus. “Do recall, I was a mother before I wound up in Hell. I have an old-fashioned remedy in mind.”

Without ceremony, Susan snatched the strange succubus’s headphones off her head. “Ma’dam, you are in public. How dare you walk around dressed like that?”

Jazz stiffened as her music disappeared, throwing off her groove. She pouted and yanked her headphones back out of the sour-faced old lady's bony grasp. "Dressed like what?"

Then Jazz noticed her surroundings. She was not aware of her exact location, nor the immediate danger she was in, but the absurd, frilly Victorian outfits could not escape her notice. "Pfft! Did I waltz into a Mystery Dinner Theater show? I love these things. I can always figure out who the murderer is before the detective does! ...Come to think of it, it's awfully hot in this part of Hell."

With that, Jazz unceremoniously dropped her shorts and stepped out of her leggings. Susan was so horrified, she balked at the sight. Humming merrily to herself, Jazz folded her shorts and leggings neatly and tucked them under her arm. "Anyway, where in Hell am I?"

Susan's nostrils flared. "You are in the *civilized* part of Hell, and in civilization, we wear clothing."

Jazz shrugged, gesturing to the neon-green dollar-signs covering her otherwise naked breasts. "Are you blind, ya' old bat? I *am* wearing clothing. Why don't you mind your own damned business? It's my life, and I get to wear whatever I want, whenever I want."

Foaming at the mouth, Susan readied herself to pounce and feast upon the annoying succubus, before she remembered she was being watched. Looking over her shoulder, Susan groaned at the sight of Rosie, who was watching her like a hawk. Susan straightened herself to address the willful succubus. "I suppose your parents never gave you proper guidance, nor proper *discipline*, when you were a child? Otherwise, you would know that your dress, not to mention your behavior, is completely inappropriate in public."

Jazz blew a raspberry. "Discipline? We're in Hell! What's the point of being stuck here if we don't get to do whatever we want? Clearly, your parents never taught you to live a little, while you were still young, ya wrinkly old b****!"

Susan accidentally snapped her cane in two. "Enough!"

After casually resting her umbrella on her arm, Susan roughly snatched Jazz by the elbow and began to drag her toward her cozy, Victorian home.

Jazz squeaked, and tried to pull away, but the old lady was stronger than Jazz would ever have guessed. "Yow! What're you doing?"

"I'm going to teach you some manners!"

Jazz flailed her free arm wildly, swinging her leggings and shorts like a distress flag, before she caught sight of Rosie, and guessed correctly that the tall demon was a local big-shot. "Lemme'

go! Hey, you, with the hat! You're in charge here, right? Aren't you gonna' stop this crazy broad?"

Susan froze, wondering if Rosie was about to pull rank on her. Rosie let the moment hang, before taking a polite sip of tea. "I think a lesson in manners would be in order. Provided Susan isn't planning to eat you alive, I have no objections."

Jazz grimaced. "Eat me alive? Wait, where am I?"

Then she noticed the sign above the gate that declared: "Welcome to Cannibal Town: We'd Love to Have You For Supper!™"

Jazz threw back her head as she screamed. "Ack! I'm in Cannibal Town? *How* am I in Cannibal Town? *Why* am I in Cannibal Town? Please, don't eat me!"

Rosie covered her mouth to hide a gentle titter of laughter. "Oh, not to worry. After all, everyone deserves a second chance! Isn't that right, Susan?"

Susan snarled. "Yes, yes! 'Thou shalt not kill,' and all that lovely jazz."

Forgetting that she was in danger of being eaten, Jazz's ear perked up at the mention of her name. "Jazz? How do you know my name?"

Susan sniffed, then continued dragging Jazz along behind her. "I don't know your name, for the simple reason that you've never told it to me. Clearly, no one ever taught you how to make a proper introduction. For example: 'Hello, my name is Ms. Susan. Whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?'"

"I'm Jazz."

"...You can't be serious."

"Who wants to be serious? I love jazz. It's great music. And I love *being* Jazz! It's a great name!"

Struggling to hear, Susan tugged her own earlobe, then noticed the annoying sounds coming from Jazz's headphones. "What is that infernal racket?"

Snatching the headphones out of Jazz's hand, Susan pressed them to her ear and nearly retched. "Ugh? Modern Jazz? Disgusting! Whatever happened to good, old, wholesome Ragtime? No wonder children these days are the worst children in the history of children!"

Jazz wailed in protest as Susan tossed her headphones into the nearest trash bin, before she was dragged into Susan's house.

Watching from the street, an elderly resident of Cannibal Town with a magnificent mustache and mutton chops looked up at the towering figure of Rosie. “Aren’t you going to intervene, Ma’dam Rosie?”

Rosie shook her head. “Not this time. I’m simply dying to see how Susan plans to deal with our little, uninvited dinner guest, without eating her!”

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Jazz banged on the latched door, then tugged uselessly at the latched handle, before her curiosity distracted her. “Oooh! What a lovely living room!”

Susan’s home was decorated with a collection of Victorian curios: coral reef, still-life paintings of sumptuous meals, a book-case of leather bound books on high-society cannibal societies, and tinted photographs. Jazz pressed her nose against the glass of a photo of a young woman in a feather boa, seated at a Thanksgiving table with a young man wearing a vest and bowler hat.

Jazz steamed up the glass as she examined the lovely couple. “Ooo, who’s the hunk?”

Susan busied herself arranging the furniture in front of her sofa. “That would be my beloved former husband.”

“Former? So, like, did you two break up, or did he die and leave you a mourning widow?”

Without looking up from her work, Susan gestured a thumb to the wall. “Yes.”

Jazz took a second look at the photographs, and noticed another Thanksgiving photo, nearly identical, except that the handsome ex-husband was now being served as the Thanksgiving turkey. As Jazz processed this new information, Susan continued to chatter, her voice nostalgic. “I miss him every day! Oh, sure, we had our squabbles, but he was so gentle with the children! Which reminds me…”

Susan settled herself on her sofa and patted her lap. “Come lie across my knee, dear. You have a spanking coming!”

Jazz pointed and laughed. “No way! You’re crazy if you think you get to spank my sexy ass with your gross, old-lady arms. Only my girlfriend gets to spank me!”

“Oh? How charming. That means you haven’t been allowed to run completely wild. In that case, I expect you to inform her of your misconduct as soon as you arrive safely home. Back in my day, a naughty child who earned a spanking in public always got another spanking at home, as reinforcement. Hopefully, she gives you a second dose of what’s good for you!”

“Now, look here–”

Jazz tried to cross her arms to look cool and intimidating, but her boobs were so big, they got in the way. She tried resting her arms across them, only for them to flop free and rest on top of her crossed arms with a soft: *Byoop!*

Jazz felt like she was stuck in a new version of the old conundrum: “Does an old man sleep with his beard over the blanket, or under it?”

Pouting, Jazz stamped her feet and clenched her fists at her sides, deciding that pose would work better for standing her ground. “I will not be getting a ‘second dose’ of spanking because I will not be getting a ‘first dose.’ You have no right to spank me, and I refuse to comply!”

Susan licked her lips. “I hate to disappoint you, but we technically have the right to eat you alive for trespassing. This is Cannibal Town after all. But, Little Miss Lucifer’s-Favored-Child has determined that we should try ‘Doing unto others, as we would have them do unto us,’ for a change. So that means I’m honor-bound to offer you a second chance.”

“Fine! I’ll do the community service. Or pay the fine, or whatever! I’m sure Ruby will bail me out.”

Susan straightened her skirt and stood up. “Unfortunately for you, we don’t molly-coddle criminals here. Spanking is how we deal with naughty children, as a gentle alternative to eating them alive, so now it’s how we deal with criminals who seek to turn over a new leaf. As we say in Cannibal Town: ‘If you don’t want to eat a spoiled, rotten child, then you’d better spank them, to ensure they never get spoiled, rotten!’ Of course, you could always leave. But I warn you, the other residents of Cannibal Town aren’t nearly as on board with the new rules as I am.”

Susan gestured her upward palm toward the window, and Jazz spotted a group of well-dressed cannibals, holding forks and knives as they watched Jazz, drooling. Jazz squealed, reflexively throwing her shorts and leggings into the air as she shoved past Susan. She attempted to dive over the sofa to hide, but she got stuck between the sofa and the wall, her buttocks writhing as she kicked her legs freely in the air.

Scrambling to regain her footing, Susan bellowed with rage. “By Sir John Franklin! I will not have Peeping Toms!”

She rapped the window with her umbrella sharply to scare off the onlookers, then shut the blinds. With a sigh, she pulled the sofa out a few inches to give Jazz enough room to scurry behind it, like a mouse. Susan shook her head as she pulled out the other end of the sofa, wanting it to be perfectly straight. “It’s no use hiding. You’re just delaying the inevitable. Now, come lie across my lap…Hmm, on second thought, I think I’d like a bit more space between the sofa and the wall. It might come in handy later!”

Her lip quivering, Jazz emerged from behind the sofa, crawling on her hands and knees. “But…but I *hate* spankings, when they aren’t the fun kind of spankings!”

Susan seated herself primly, and patted her lap invitingly. “Well, too bad, because this isn’t going to be the fun kind of spanking. But it might do you some good, if it helps you fix your attitude. You made some particularly poor choices today, and now you have an opportunity to make another choice. What will it be?”

With a furtive glance at the door, Jazz knew there was no escape. After a final whine of protest, she crawled her way up onto the sofa and across Susan’s bony knees.

Jazz flinched as she felt a soft, pat, pat, pat, against her perfect tuchas. Glancing back, Jazz saw Susan flashing a shark-toothed smile as she reached for the waistband of Jazz’s black panties. “That’s more like it. We’ll address the whining later, but for now…”

Wasting no time, Susan tugged Jazz’s skimpy undergarments down with one clean tug.

To Susan’s delight, she discovered that the rosy, red-skinned lass had a rosy, red-skinned ass!

In a panic, Jazz twisted her back in a vain attempt to lift herself up off Susan’s terrible lap, but Susan’s arm held Jazz securely in place. Jazz’s face flushed to an even deeper shade of crimson as she felt the cool air against her bare backside. Hell is not known for being chilly, but there are some things that will always put ice in your veins, and the looming prospect of a bare-bottom spanking is one of them.

Jazz threw back a dainty hand to shield her bountiful buttocks. “No! Please, not on the bare! Can’t I just say I’m sorry?”

But Susan was done arguing. With a single motion, the old lady snatched Jazz’s wrist and twisted it out of the way. Jazz squealed, but more from surprise than pain. Susan pinned the squirrely succubus’ struggling arm against the small of her back at an awkward angle, but not hard enough to risk breaking any bones.

As an experienced spanker, Susan decided to let the moment hang, as she slowly raised her hand high. “Of course, you *will* be offering me a sincere apology, *after* we are finished. That is a necessary aspect of a proper spanking. But, most unfortunately, for your underdressed derriere at least, a simple apology is woefully insufficient as a punishment.”

Sensing what was coming, Jazz shut her eyes tight and looked away, praying that she could at least stay still and not cry. Demons didn’t put much stock in prayer, but at the moment, Jazz was feeling surprisingly open to the idea of some divine intervention.

Susan relished in the knowledge that Jazz was squirming uselessly, and could almost feel the poor girl’s dread. The old lady believed that anticipation was the *second* most important aspect of a good, old-fashioned spanking. But the single *most* important aspect…

THWACK!

…was to make a strong first impression!

Jazz's eyes went wide as she processed the incredible force of the first spank. She sensed the rush of air behind her, she heard the clapping sound, and she felt the impact ripple across her butt-cheek, reaching deep down into her meaty gluteus maximus.

Did you ever watch *Tom and Jerry* cartoons as a kid? If you haven't, wow, you missed out, and you should go rectify that situation at once. Because if you have watched *Tom and Jerry*, you'd know that Tom the cat has a particular way of screaming, that's simply music to the ears. There is no way to describe Jazz's scream of pain other than to say: she screamed like Tom in a *Tom and Jerry* cartoon. "Eeeeyaaaaaaoowww!"

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Meanwhile, two of the local lads of Cannibal Town had sauntered their way up to Susan's abode. "What do you suppose Susan's doing to that poor succubus, Brandon?"

Brandon spat, trying to look nonchalant, only for the loogie to dangle on the end of his mouth. "Ptooie! How am I supposed to know? You think I have X-ray vision, Stewart?"

Stewart looked wanly at the window. "X-ray vision would be so cool right now."

Stewart stared at the window for six full seconds, before he noticed the blinds were not drawn all the way shut. "Look, Brandon! We don't need X-ray vision!"

Brandon and Stewart knocked their heads together as they vied for the best view. Their whispered argument was caught short when they heard a dense, resounding thunderclap, followed by a beautiful voice, howling in pain.

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Susan relished in the musical sound, letting her palm linger on Jazz's bottom until she felt a welt in the shape of her hand slowly rising in place, like buns in the oven. Then Susan raised her hand, slowly, so that her victim had plenty of time to reflect on her situation.

As any experienced, no-nonsense mother could tell you, being a good disciplinarian takes practice. Dishing out a spanking takes a lot of energy, so you want to be efficient. Timing is everything! Susan gave Jazz enough time to stop wailing, but not enough time to start whining, before landing the second smack, with equal vigor, across Jazz's other butt cheek.

Jazz had been spanked by plenty of men and women in her life. Perhaps it was some sort of karmic, poetic justice for Jazz's past misdeeds: to forever find new ways to get spanked! But

Susan had the firmest, boniest palm Jazz had ever felt, and despite Susan's slender frame, she was able to put surprising force behind it. Susan may have been thin, but she was wiry.

"Ooowwaaah, wa-ha-haaoow!" yowled Jazz. Once again, she unwittingly managed to capture the energy of an inimitable Tom-and-Jerry-style scream.

Susan clicked her tongue, giving Jazz's butt cheek a slight squeeze, just to add a little extra sting to the rising handprint-shaped welt. "Tsk, tsk, tsk! So fussy!"

With that, Susan began to spank at a steady pace.

Nature had gifted Jazz with a smoking-hot, red ass. But now that Susan was gifting her with an even redder, even hotter ass, Jazz started to kick wildly. "Nooooo!"

Unable to twist her trapped wrist free of Susan's grip, Jazz writhed until she could reach her free arm past Susan's torso, but was only able to protect a few inches of her upper buttock. It was not enough to save Jazz from the next swat, but more than enough to annoy Susan.

Susan cupped her hand to produce a more resounding clap, and aimed for the exact center of Jazz's lower buttocks, where they connected to her upper thighs. Wanting to grab Jazz's attention, Susan deliberately sacrificed some force to achieve a louder sound.

WHOP!

"Yop!" yelped Jazz.

Susan was forced to pause the spanking, as she grappled to keep the mewling Jazz from bucking off her lap. With a snarl, Susan snatched Jazz's other wrist. "For shame! I'll put a stop to this nonsense!"

Jazz gasped as she felt both her arms pinned tight against her back.

Taking a deep breath, Susan made sure to measure her voice. No matter how silly Susan found Jazz's behavior to be, she wanted the naughty succubus to know exactly what was expected of her, and what was coming to her. "Young lady, you've just earned yourself some extra swats. This spanking is not over until you start to show some self-control, and stop acting like a brat. Now, are you ready to behave yourself?"

Unfortunately, Jazz had a hot temper, especially when it came to her sense of independence. "No! I'm not a brat! I'm not, I'm not, I'm not, I'm–"

Susan began the spanking again, but with a twist. This time, Susan spanked Jazz as fast as demonly possible, without pausing. Generally speaking, a good spanker should pace the punishment gradually, allowing the spankee time to reflect on their behavior, as well as their just

desserts. But every rule has an exception. Susan had decided that, before she could get through to Jazz, she would first have to snap Jazz out of her fit of temper. To “spank the devil out of her,” so to speak.

The strategy worked wonders. Jazz threw a tantrum, kicking her feet, sinking her sharp teeth into the couch, thrusting her hips back and forth in every direction, until the terror of the spanking overwhelmed her impotent rage. Tears welled in her eyes. “I’m…not…a baby!”

And then, Jazz bawled like a baby. “….Baw! Waah! Wheh!”

Susan continued the lightning-fast spanking until she was sure Jazz had given up on struggling, then rubbed Jazz’s bottom, none too gently. “There, I think I’ve made my point adequately. Get off my lap, child.”

Jazz blinked back tears, confused. Her tantrum had been more for show at first, like when she was pretending to fuss and cry during a “funishment” spanking from Ruby, so her tears were quick to fade. “Is it finally over?”

“Don’t be absurd! That was just for being difficult. Now…on your feet! No rubbing! Hands behind your head! Stand straight! Eyes front!”

Jazz raced to comply with each of Susan’s commands. As she stood trembling, it suddenly occurred to her that her shorts were long gone and her panties were dangling around her knees. She could feel them slowly succumbing to gravity with each passing second. Jazz’s lip trembled as she looked down at the bony old lady, knowing she was at her mercy.

Susan folded her hands before her, and spoke in a conversational tone. “Let’s review your situation. You are here because you are a trespasser, thanks entirely to your own carelessness. When I alerted you of your grievous error, rather than apologize, you decided to double down, and show insufferable, bad manners. In a more sensible world, you would be roasting over a spit, with an apple stuffed in your mouth, for acting like such a pig. But you have been afforded an opportunity to atone for your misdeeds, with a lighter punishment. Rather than accept that mercy with gratitude, you remain stubborn. You even have the gall to say, ‘I’m not a baby,’ while throwing a childish temper tantrum. Tell me, Miss Jazz, do you feel like a big, strong, independent woman, right now?”

Jazz whimpered in a small, faraway voice. “Noooo…”

“You should refer to me as ‘Ma’am,’ when you address me. Answer, ‘No, ma’am.’”

Jazz suddenly found her voice. “No, ma’am!”

Susan stood to stand face-to-face with Jazz, reaching around Jazz's waist to pat her bottom a few times lightly. "And do you feel silly, standing there, with your bare, spanked bottom hanging out?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"That's good. You are a silly little girl, so you *should* feel silly. For my next question, I expect you to use your head. Or at least make an effort. What happens to silly little girls who misbehave?"

Jazz struggled to turn her brain back on. She wasn't stupid, but it's hard to think clearly when you knew a spanking was coming at any moment. "They get…we get spankings?"

Sensing danger, Jazz added the honorific just in time. "…Ma'am!"

Susan seemed satisfied. "Correct. And if you choose to misbehave during your spanking, what do you expect to get as a reward?"

"Uh…another spanking, Ma'am?"

"Very good! So, with that in mind, do you plan to behave, or misbehave, during your next spanking?"

"No, ma'am! I mean, I'll behave, ma'am!"

"Excellent! See, you can be somewhat civilized, if you choose to be. It's all a matter of motivation. In that case, help me move this sofa. I'll need plenty of room."

With a mix of fear, relief, and confusion, Jazz stepped toward the sofa, only to feel her panties flop down below her knees. She bent low to pick them up. But before Jazz could finish, Susan planted a crisp slap across the succubus' upturned rump. "No need for that! I'm going to be spanking this naughty little bottom of yours again in just a few minutes, so let's keep it nice and bare and ready for spanking."

Reflexively, Jazz shot back up to stand at attention, with her hands behind her head. Then, Jazz noticed Susan moving to the other side of the couch, and remembered she was supposed to be helping. As Jazz made her way toward the other side of the couch, Jazz was forced to waddle a few inches at a time. "But…but I can't walk like this! I'll trip!"

"Not if you're careful and *pay attention*. Move slowly, and purposefully, and think about what you're doing. Now, do as you're told, and help me move this sofa."

Jazz nodded, then finally dared to drop her hands. "Yes, ma'am!"

She had to move with baby steps, but Jazz managed to help Susan scootch the couch a few feet away from the wall. She wasn't sure what redecorating this dusty old house had to do with spanking, but Jazz was grateful for the reprieve.

Susan spun a finger in the air, then pointed to the back of her sofa. "March around and bend over the back cushion. I want to see your behind poking nice and high in the air.

As Jazz complied, she felt her panties drop lazily to her ankles, the resolute elastic waistband catching at the soles of her feet. As she rocked back and forth atop the sofa, she felt the panties start to slip free of her ankle, and clenched her toes to desperately cling on to the fabric. She found herself absurdly terrified by the thought that she might kick them off by mistake. As long as they were on her ankles, this was just a little wardrobe malfunction. But if she lost her panties entirely…she'd be truly naked!

Jazz caught a glimpse of something moving outside the window and looked up. "Huh?"

But then Jazz heard Susan rummaging for something in her closet, and twisted her head to see what Susan was up to. Jazz stiffened, and felt her butt cheeks clench reflexively. Susan was holding a leather belt, which she folded in her hands and snapped together with a sharp tug.

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Brandon and Stewart flattened themselves against the wall on either side of the window, not daring to take a breath.

Brandon gasped, his eyes dilating. "Too close! She was looking right at us!"

Sweating beads, Stewart chuckled. "Yeah, can you imagine what would happen if we got caught?"

Then they noticed the towering, Amazonian figure of Ma'dam Rosie standing in front of them. "Spying on Miss Susan's private property? For shame! Are you boys enjoying your little voyage into voyeurism? Why, it's so wicked…"

Rosie licked her sharp teeth. "...I just want to stuff you boys into a pot, cook you in a stew, and eat you all up!"

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Jazz yammered as she saw Susan approaching her from behind. "A belt? You're not gonna…*whip* me…with *that?* Oh, crap! Oh, please, oh, please, have mercy!"

Susan waited to see if Jazz would attempt another escape, and to her pleasure, Susan noticed that Jazz was still keeping her bottom in position, as instructed. They were making some progress. “Shut up. And take it.”

As a naturally ambidextrous spanker, Susan used her left hand to aim the first crack of the belt across Jazz’s right butt cheek only. Jazz sucked in a breath to cut off her scream, and tightened her body against the sofa, but didn’t attempt to flee or shield herself. After her first ordeal, Jazz was feeling stupid. She wasn’t exactly sorry for how she’d acted before. In fact, Jazz still believed she had been in the right during her initial argument with Susan. But Jazz also remembered how her resolve to stay silent had been broken so quickly, and pressed her lips together, hoping to at least be spared the humiliation of being called a baby again.

Satisfied that she was finally being allowed to conduct a proper spanking, Susan carried on using the belt to deliver deliberate, methodical strokes. First, she covered Jazz’s right butt cheek with six strokes, then paced around the front of the couch to reach the other side. Susan caught sight of Jazz peeking her eyes open nervously. Susan winked, knowing that Jazz had likely guessed what was coming next.

Jazz buried her face in the sofa cushion as she prepared for the inevitable next round of six strokes. This time, Susan switched the belt to her right hand, and aimed each lick of the belt along Jazz’s left butt cheek. Jazz’s resolve to not scream broke down by the third stroke, so she sank her face deep into the sofa cushion to muffle the sound. By the sixth stroke, Jazz felt fresh, blobby tears welling in her eyes.

Then, Jazz heard Susan pacing behind her, pausing directly behind her bottom,

As a demon, Susan had a bit of a sadistic streak. She switched her grip on the belt, and cracked it a second time.

Jazz knew at once that it was still not over, and that she was at her absolute limit. “Please…please…please…”

Susan aimed the final six strokes of the belt at new angles, swinging it left and right, and left and right, with a smooth, rocking motion of her arm. Traditionally, practitioners of traditional corporal punishment favor three sets of six strokes for a serious offense. As the saying goes: “Six, and Six, and Six of the Best Instructors.”

Whether or not Jazz had ever heard of this traditional notion of corporal punishment, she guessed that this set of six strokes would be the last.

But after the sixth stroke, Susan granted Jazz only a second’s pause, before administering another set of six, and then another. This time, Susan tried angling strokes of the belt at the far sides of Jazz’s butt cheeks, then along Jazz’s thighs, making sure not to miss a single spot.

Jazz panicked as she realized what was happening. Earlier, she had thought about how she was at Ruby's mercy, but now she felt the meaning of those words. "Puh-lee-hee-eeze! No more! I'm sorry, old lady! …I mean, Susan! Ma'am! Please, just spank me with your hand again! I can't take it!"

Susan held the belt high, ready to bring it down across her target at a moment's notice. "Oh? Still being difficult?"

Jazz melted into tears. "I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry! I don't wanna' be difficult! Boo-hoo!"

Susan let Jazz sob for a few moments as she put away the belt, then sat beside the sniveling succubus. "Well, in that case, I suppose you've learned your lesson about misbehaving during a spanking. Which means I can finally finish giving you the spanking I had originally intended to give you. But if you lie across my lap, like a good girl, and stay still, I'll just use my hand."

Jazz kicked free of her panties as she scrambled up over the couch and across Susan's lap. Susan giggled, genuinely charmed by how the succubus was now acting so eager to please. Jazz reminded her of a sorrowful puppy, immediately after being introduced to a rolled up newspaper.

Susan adjusted Jazz's position across her lap so that the skittish-looking succubus dangled over one knee. "That's the spirit! But I warn you, we'll be starting all over again, right from the beginning. I think I'll put you over one knee this time. That's the proper way for a good, old-fashioned spanking!"

Jazz wasn't quite sure what this meant, but as she felt Susan rubbing her bottom soothingly, Jazz relaxed, and settled down across Susan's knee. In fact, her bottom felt a little…too relaxed.

Jazz felt the cool tickle of Susan's hand disappear, and tried to clench her glutes, to help her endure the coming spanking. But Jazz discovered she couldn't clench her glutes in this position. And the moment Jazz made this discovery, Susan began the second round of hand-spanking.

Jazz gasped, and yelled, and cried, and pleaded, and finally shed fresh tears, melting into racking sobs, until her eyes were dry and puffy. But she didn't swear, nor sass, nor struggle. So Susan decided that the lesson had effectively sunk in. "That will do nicely! A lovely shade of red, all over. Of course, with your ass, it's hard to tell, but I'm sure you'll remember this discussion for the next day or two, until you can sit comfortably again. And hopefully the lesson sticks for many years after that!"

Frowning at the sight of her own backside, Jazz wiped away the last of her tears, sniffling, before surprising Susan with a hug.

Susan stiffened. She was not a fan of hugs, but she couldn't be angry with the poor, empty-headed succubus any longer. With a sigh, Susan returned the hug, and rubbed circles

against the small of Jazz's back. She let the well-spanked succubus sit on her lap and weep softly onto her shoulder for a few minutes.

Generally speaking, Susan preferred the death penalty for juvenile delinquents. But as she remembered her own children, before she wound up in hell, Susan decided that, with a little proper guidance, maybe this foolish youngster could turn out all right.

They were interrupted by a buzzing sound behind the couch. Dumbfounded, Jazz seemed to awaken from a dream, and sprinted to retrieve her phone. "Oh, Naamah! I forgot to text Ruby! She must be worried sick!"

"I take it this is your girlfriend, who spanks you?"

Jazz teared up as she stared at her phone. "I'm such a bad friend! And an idiot to boot! What do I even say?"

"Are you okay, dearie? Are you afraid your girlfriend is going to hurt you? You're not being abused, are you?"

Jazz hiccuped as she processed the question. "Huh? No, of course not. I mean, she'll probably spank me, but that was my idea in the first place. She's really big on consent."

"That's good. You deserve to be safe and cherished."

"Really? Wow! Thank you! So…what do I tell Ruby?"

"Let's take this one step at a time. First, why don't you send her a quick telegram to let her know that you're safe?"

Jazz stuck out her tongue as she typed the message, then looked at Susan expectantly.

Susan nodded. "Second, follow up with an explanation. Tell her that you took a wrong turn and got lost, but now you're getting directions home."

Glancing over Jazz's shoulder, Susan tried to make out what the succubus was typing on her strange little typewriter thing.

Jazz mumbled as she typed. "Tell her that you took a wrong turn and got lost, but now you're getting directions home."

Before Susan could intervene, Jazz sent the text, and looked up, eager for her next instructions. Susan sighed, realizing she had to be more specific. "Now write these exact words: 'I am sorry for making you worry. Thank you for being such a good friend. I will call you as soon as I finish getting directions.'"

Jazz grinned widely as she typed out the final message. “Amazing! I sound like such a responsible adult! But, how am I gonna get back to the elevator without being eaten alive?”

Susan rummaged through a nick-nack drawer and pulled out two necklaces, one decorated with a wooden fork, the other with a wooden spoon. “No one in Cannibal Town will bother you as long as you’re wearing one of these. We only eat trespassers, not invited guests!”

With a thoughtful hum, Susan snatched up a printed flyer for the Hazbin Hotel rehab and recovery program and handed it to Jazz. “Hmm…Just to be safe, why don’t you take one of these, too?”

Jazz looked askance at the cover, which depicted a cheerful looking Charlie Morningstar giving a big thumbs up with the speech balloon: “Hey, kids! Don’t have sex before marriage!” Jazz didn’t know the name of the grey-skinned girl standing next to Charlie in the picture, but she dimly remembered hearing something about Princess Charlie having either a bodyguard or a girlfriend matching that description. The grey skinned girl was giving a thumbs up along with Charlie, though her facial expression suggested she wasn’t nearly as enthusiastic as Charlie about it.

Jazz scratched her head. “Huh? What am I supposed to do with this?”

“If anyone accosts you on your way home, just tell them you’re part of the Hazbin Hotel halfway house program. No one wants to mess with a friend of Lucifer’s daughter.”

“But…I’m not part of the Hazbin Hotel thing. I don’t even know Princess Charlie.”

Susan smirked. “You can leave that part out. Just let them assume whatever they want.”

Jazz pressed a finger against her lips. “Isn’t that kinda like telling a lie?”

“C’mon! You afraid you’ll go to hell if you tell a little white lie?”

Jazz bounced up and down, smiling mischievously as she gripped the pamphlet tightly against her bosom. “Oooh! I don’t have to worry about that! Okay. Now what?”

“You might consider putting your pants back on?”

Jazz looked down, and noticed she was still naked from the waist below. Blushing furiously, Jazz crawled on the floor searching for her lost panties, until Susan found them and dangled them in front of her. Jazz winced as she felt the waistband of the panties snap back in place across her aching buttocks. “Thanks, Susan…ma’am. I want to say I’m sorry for how I acted earlier. As soon as I get back home, I’ll remind Ruby to spank me, and maybe ask her to buy me some clothes. I spent all my allowance at the last Mammon concert.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

As Susan opened the front door to let Jazz out, the two pre-teen boys, along with Ma’dam Rosie, all froze as they were revealed. Ma’dam Rosie, who had been standing between them to have the best spot for peeping between the blinds, stood to her full height with a start, before pinching each of the boys by one of their ears, looking stern. “Well, well, well! Look who I caught sneaking around, playing Peeping Tom! Don’t you worry, Susan, I’ll see they’re spanked soundly, before sending them home to their mothers to make a full confession…Psst! You boys play along, I’ll get you out of this!”

Susan stared at Ma’dam Rosie, wishing she was ranked highly enough to spank her too. “I can hear your whispered asides, you know.”

Ma’dam Rosie’s toothy smile froze. “Well, I never was much of a thespian. Come along, you miscreants!”

Brandon danced as he was tugged along by the ear. “Ow! Not so hard!”

“You’re not really gonna hurt us…Right, Ma’dam Rosie?”

Ma’dam Rosie smiled so sweetly, it was somehow frightening. “Don’t worry…I’m not going to eat you!”

The two preteen boys were too preoccupied by the sharp tug at their ears to argue any further, and allowed themselves to be led away, yelping.

Jazz peeped over Rosie’s shoulder. “Huh, Cannibal Town is kinda’ fun. I’ll have to bring Ruby here for a tea party or something! So…I’m free to go?”

Susan bowed, and gestured to the door. “Yes, you have paid your debt to society. But remember, next time you visit, I expect you to behave yourself. And if you don’t…”

As Jazz bounced merrily out the door, Susan caught her by surprise with a final spank as a goodbye, making sure it was the hardest yet. Jazz kicked her knees up behind her as she leapt into the air, caterwauling.

Susan waved her bony fingers. “Come again for a visit. Your girlfriend is welcome as well!”

Clutching her bottom, Jazz sprinted to escape Cannibal Town, rubbing her cheeks furiously the entire way home.

She remembered to call Ruby as soon as she got off the elevator on the right floor. The Circle of Lust: good old home sweet home! “Ruby! I’m safe! I’m coming home!” roared Jazz as she darted past neon signs advertising all manner of sinful pleasures.

“Jazz? Thank goodness! I was so worried. What happened?”

“I’ll tell ya’ what happened–”

Jazz used a telephone pole to round a corner without slowing down, then This-is-Sparta kicked through the door that led to her apartment building. She continued chattering as she vaulted up the stairs, six at a time. “I was listening to my music and got lost because I wasn’t paying attention, just like you said would happen, and then–whoosh–I’m surrounded by cannibals and they’re all gonna’ eat me, but this crazy old cannibal lady who hates music grabs me and says I’m not wearing clothes, which was weird because I was wearing a whole outfit of Mamon gear–my credit card declined, by the way–and I called her a pruney old bitch, which in hindsight, was pretty judgmental on my part, so she said I needed a spanking since I was a naughty child, which I was pretty weirded out by, since I’m not a child, and also since I don’t approve of spanking at all unless it’s between consenting adults, but I sorta’ consented since that was apparently the only alternative to being eatin’ alive, so I guess that means I was technically a consenting adult, but still, kinda weird, but she actually turned out to be pretty cool, and she said that as soon as I get home–”

Jazz burst through the door of her apartment, startling Ruby. Jazz heard her own voice echoing through Ruby’s phone as she finished her story with a triumphant shout. “–I need to tell you something! I’ve been a very bad girl, and I need a spanking! Right now! And not the fun kind!”

Throwing aside her phone, Jazz dove forward, artfully yanking down her shorts and panties in mid air, so that she landed perfectly across Ruby’s lap with a soft plop.

Ruby blinked a couple times, then smiled as she wrapped one arm around Jazz’s waist to secure her in place. “Wow! Sounds like you had quite the adventure…but first, what’s your safe word?”

Jazz groaned. “Ugh…‘I’m a Mammon fan-girl!’ I won’t forget, just spank me already!”

Ruby grinned slyly. How could she stay mad? “Well, since you asked so politely…”

To Jazz’s discomfort, she discovered that a spanking over an already freshly-spanked bottom is *definitely* not the fun kind of spanking. But Ruby wasn’t too harsh. After all, you only spank someone because you love them.

The End

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Anonymous
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